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Try it, and you will be numbered among our regular customers.

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FRUITS OF ALL KINDS

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WINNER OF DEALERS STAKE 1919

By AXWORTHY

Dam, ANNIE DEE by TODD

Dam of ANITA KNIGHT (2) 2.20 1/2

AXCY TODD 2.11 1/4

In service at COWVIEW Farm #4

GLASGOW, DEL.

A. H. TYSON in charge

Service Fee \$25 to insure

AXCY TODD is a very handsome stallion, rich bay in color, 15 1/2 hands, weighs 1100 pounds, is a horse of facilities, coloration and disposition.

## DIRT IS ANCIENT ENEMY OF MOTOR

Undesirable Near Working Parts of Chassis Because It Starts Rapid Wear.

### KEROSENE BATH IS FAVORED

Unclean Engine Means Loss in Efficiency and Premature Trip to Repair Shop—Starting Motors Require Attention.

Dirt is undesirable no matter where it is, but the average automobile owner has yet to learn that dirt on the running gear does more than merely cover up some painted or unpainted metal. Joints seemingly as tight as a mechanic can get them allow dirt to pass through. The reason for the dirt being so undesirable near working parts of the chassis is not so much because it doesn't look well but because it eventually gets to a moving surface and starts rapid wear.

Around the engine and other parts of the car there are supposedly tight joints in addition to actual openings. Take the front end cover, commonly called the timing gear case cover. Vibration may loosen a few of the holding nuts, allowing the cover to move away from the crank case a small fraction of an inch. With an accumulation of dirt over the cover some of the dirt is bound to get to the gear teeth. Dirt and lack of lubrication of front end gears are responsible for rapid wear and noisy operation.

Every owner ought to keep the engine clean by an occasional kerosene bath. Spray kerosene all over the engine and wipe off every bit of dirt you can. This goes for the crank case as well as the parts that you can see when you lift the hood. Dirty oil, oil with sediment, old oil not changed for some time are all causes of rapid engine wear.

How many owners ever see to it that the combination breather and oil filler is clean on the inside? In some designs there is every chance for a quantity of dirt to settle on the inside, and that is washed down into the crank case when the next oil filling is made.

A dirty engine means a loss in efficiency and a premature trip to the repair shop, where the cost of parts replacements will be higher than expected. The timers are usually covered with mud and dirt, and this gets inside, cuts the segments, interferes with proper ignition, and brings about the need for a new timer in a few months. Look inside of a timer that is generally dirty on the outside and one will find dirt also. Generators and starting motors on the average car do not get very much attention of any kind by the owner, but they deserve a good cleaning. Some starting motors are not fully inclosed, while others, even when covered, seem to accumulate dirt.

I would suggest to the owner that, when he has a few hours to spare during any month, he give the engine a thorough cleaning, removing dirt from all joints, from oil holes, and the like.

The underneath parts of the car are admittedly hard to get at, but that should not be an excuse for total neglect. Underneath the car there may be many places that require oil through small cups, oil holes, etc. While some manufacturers are so far behind as to continue to use oil holes in exposed places, the owner of a car using them should not let them become filled with dirt. If I owned a car with exposed oil holes on cross shafts and other parts I would have a mechanic install automatic feed oil cups.

Universal joints at best are hard to lubricate, and even if covered with a leather boot are not proof against the ravages of dirt and mud. The more dirt that you allow to accumulate around these parts the more dirt will get to the working surfaces.

## CANVAS MUDGUARD IS GOOD FOR SPEEDSTER

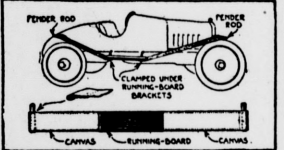
Devices Are Removed to Reduce Weight and Vibration.

Oiled Cloth Affords Necessary Protection From Dust and Mud—Illustration Shows Method of Attaching to Car.

When rebuilding a car into a speedster, the removal of unnecessary parts is desired on account of the reduction in the weight. Mudguards are removed because of this and the vibration that ensues when riding at high speed. It is, however, desirable to provide guards for protection from dust and mud when the car is used for riding other than on the track.

Oiled canvas mudguards afford protection without adding to the weight or causing vibration. In the appended illustration the manner of attaching these is shown. Each fender is held by a single support from the side of the body or frame. Using these as supports for the upper end of the guards, the canvas is led from these to the running-board or to brackets.

The canvas should be doubled and seamed, then soaked in linseed oil to make it waterproof. When made about eight inches in width, these af-



During the Rainy Season Canvas Mudguards Will Add to the Comfort or Riding.

ford all the protection the driver requires and are noiseless and the weight is reduced to a minimum.—Popular Science Monthly.

### USE VASELINE ON TERMINALS

Best Medium Available for Coating Connections—Prevents Corrosion From Acid.

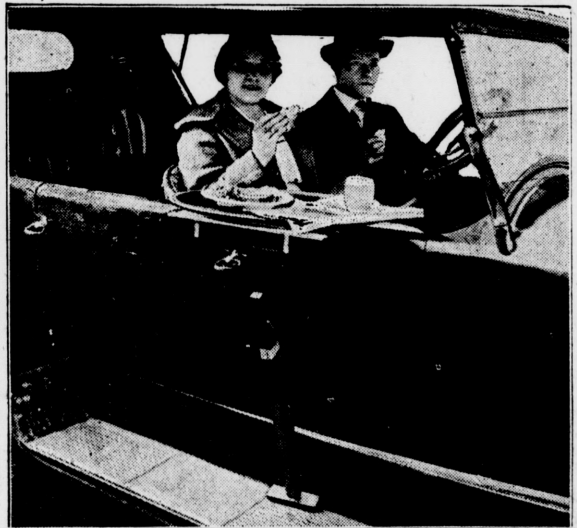
The car owner should not forget that ordinary vaseline is perhaps the best medium available for coating battery terminals and connections. The vaseline has the great advantage of preventing corrosion from acid or water that may have been spilled.

### YOU AUTO KNOW

That in cold weather a kettle and a dishrag—or any other convenient piece of cloth—are often invaluable in starting a car that otherwise refuses to work. The cloth should be wrapped around the carburetor so that it does not cover the air intake and boiling water should then be poured on the rag, always being careful not to let it get into the intake. The application of the hot water will heat the carburetor and intake pipe to such a degree that the engine will "catch" almost instantly, although in extreme cases it may be necessary to fill the cooling system with hot water so that the carburetor chamber may be raised to the proper temperature.

Whenever difficulties of this kind are encountered, however, cool water should be applied first, then warm and finally hot in order to avoid a too sudden expansion of the metal which is likely to crack with surprising ease. It should also be remembered that increasing the richness of the gasoline mixture by means of the primer or choker is usually very effective in starting with a cold engine. (Copyright, 1922, by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.)

### SERVING TABLE FOR AN AUTOMOBILE



August Bryson of Chicago has just invented an automobile serving table, which will greatly add to the enjoyment of motorists, and when not in use can be utilized by picnicers. The table fits on the side of the car and lunch or refreshments can be served on it. When not in use it can be folded and occupies very little room.

The photograph shows one of the tables being used on an automobile.

## AUTOMOBILE NEWS

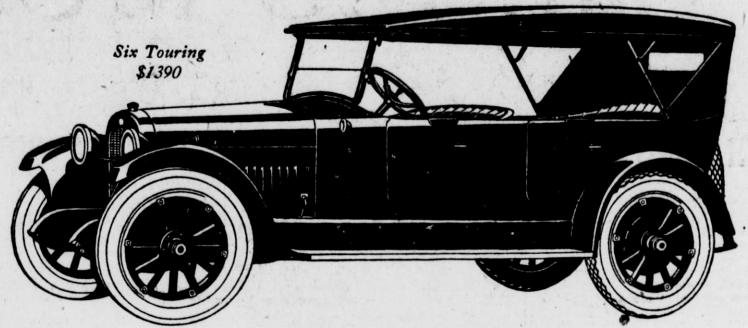
Few owners examine the frame for loose rivets, yet these often shake loose and fall out.

For any ordinary job wire solder is the easiest to handle and the most convenient. It can be placed right on the spot to be mended and it melts under comparatively slight heat.

If your car hasn't power enough to negotiate a hill even in low gear, as a last resource try backing up the hill. You may be surprised to find that the car will climb the grade without much effort.

It often becomes desirable to transform an ordinary nut into a wing nut. This may be done by hammering two strips of sheet steel of appropriate length until they take the shape of the nut and then drill and slot the ends together.

Nash Leads the World in Motor Car Value



Six Touring \$1390

The certainty of getting unusual riding comfort in the Nash is proving a powerful attraction to buyers in every section of the country. The first quarter of this year ran

51% greater in sales than the same period last year. April set a new passenger car sales record, and the month of May registered a full 23% increase over and above April.

FOURS and SIXES

Prices range from \$965 to \$2390, f. o. b. factory

# NASH

Del-Mar-Va Nash Motors Co.

Easton, Maryland

H. V. BUCKSON

St. Georges, Del.

### FACES SUIT FOR \$2,500,000.

Huerta Is Made Defendant in Claim Against Mexico.

New York.—Adolfo De La Huerta, secretary of the Treasury of Mexico, was defendant in a suit for \$2,500,000 for alleged breach of contract, filed against him by Otto Kafka, head of the Union Steel Products Company. Attorneys for Kafka declared he sought to recover the money from De La Huerta as representative of the Mexican Government because of alleged failure of Mexico to carry out a contract for purchase of railroad supplies.

The Mexican secretary is in New York discussing loan plans with J. P. Morgan & Co.

### APPEAL TO SECRETARY HUGHES.

Chile-Peru Conference Unable To Agree On Tacna-Arica Row.

Washington.—Close to an agreement on principle, but unable to reach an understanding as to questions of detail, the Chilean-Peruvian conference is preparing to turn to Secretary Hughes in the hope that he may suggest informally a solution of the troubles.

Chilean Ambassador Mathieu is planning to visit the State Department, to explain to Mr. Hughes the situation which has brought the negotiations to a deadlock. A similar step was taken a week ago by Peruvian Ambassador Pezet, and the Chilean move now is expected to result quickly in some step by the Secretary to avert a break. The course to be followed, it is indicated, will not be formal mediation, but rather an offer of personal aid.

London.—A Reuter dispatch from Peking, says in fighting near Shan-haikwan, northeast of Tientsin, Chi-Li troops had 1,300 casualties.

The right wing of the Fengtien forces was driven back Monday and was being further threatened by the Chi-Li columns approaching from Jehol.

The dispatch adds that the latest news from the battle does not give any indication that a decisive result has been reached.

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**30 x 3 1/2 USCO**  
at \$ 10.90

**Y**OUR tire dealer is naturally enthusiastic when he shows you the 30x3 1/2 USCO at \$10.90.

To him USCO has always represented a tire value that he felt more than justified in offering his customers.

At the \$10.90 price he can hardly be blamed for putting it to the front as the value he would most like to be remembered by.

This much to keep in mind—

United States Tires are Good Tires

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USCO has always sold as a quality tire of known standards and performance.

Today at \$10.90 it fixes the worth of your tire dollar at a new maximum by reason of its own distinguished values.

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**USCO**  
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**No War-Tax charged**

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**HENRY D. HOWELL**  
MIDDLETOWN, DEL.

Advertise In This Paper

# THE BIG MUSKEG

By  
**VICTOR ROUSSEAU**

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STEWART KIDD COMPANY

## WHEN NATURE FROWNS.

Nature is not a genial old dame, nature writers and poets to the contrary notwithstanding. Go at her with a club and she will give freely. But she always watches for a chance to get even. Beg of her and she is cruel as the grave. She pardons no mistakes, and always she resents man's intrusion into her wild places.

Muskeg is North American Indian for a marsh, swamp, tussock bog. It's generally a bad place for travel. This Big Muskeg was crossed here and there by trails, but was never stable, contained a river of ooze and had unsounded depths. Nature had apparently stuck it right there to stop the Mississippian Extension from going farther.

So around the Big Muskeg revolves a thrilling story of Canadian railroad building—a fight against the hostile forces of nature. Extremely interesting are the side lights on the life of the North. Best of all there's a fascinating story of the loves and passions of the strong men and women who are conquering the wilderness.

Victor Rousseau knows life from experience. He has been a student in England, a fighter in South Africa, a newspaper man in the United States. He is the author of many novels and his public is large.

## CHAPTER I.

### A Bolt From the Blue.

Eighteen below; fair weather for December in New Manitoba, where the forest, though it chills the soil till midsummer, yet shuts out the razor-edge of the winds that make the prairies, farther south, an icy inferno.

Here the bush, which had seemed to stretch out illimitably, thinned into bedraggled patches among the up-cropping rocks. A little farther and it began once more; the break was like a great, curving arm thrust into the heart of it, as if some giant fingers had plucked up the trees in handfuls and scooped the foundation from the frozen soil, and then had been withdrawn, leaving the imprints of the great finger-tips.

These finger-tips were huge sink-holes, sometimes filled with water, so that they formed clear lakes; more often sodden sponges of decayed vegetable matter, oozy, treacherous and unstable. The finger-lines were the circular ridges marking the subsidence of the mud. The thumb was Big Muskeg, which the two men who stood on the top of the humpbacked ridge could see extended beneath them.

Big Muskeg, at this point less than half a mile across, was everywhere of unsounded depth. It curved and wound, a river of ooze, now broadening into chains of lakes, now narrowing into gullies; here and there crossed by trails, but never stable, nowhere offering firm foundation for the permanent way of the Mississippian railroad.

The Mississippian was a branch line, feeding the new road that was pushing northward toward the ports; no one on Hudson bay. It linked with it at Clayton, whence it was being extended eastward into a virgin wilderness. Even in the days when half a dozen companies were pegging out ways for lines that were to divert the wheat north, Joe Bostock's life had been the joke of legislatures and financiers. Those other lines that were being built into Clayton passed through the wheat-lands; Joe's line ran east out of Clayton into a wilderness. Joe had secured his capital, but he had no competitors.

And slowly Mississippian, with its small shareholders and limited means, had gone ahead. The first location parties had cleared a road to Big Muskeg. The rails had been laid half-way. But that was all, save for the partly constructed shacks and buildings for the workmen there, and the sheds for the construction material that had not yet been freighted in.

Joe, standing with legs straddling the top of the ridge, turned to Wilton Carruthers, the chief engineer of the company, with eyebrows arched and humorous inquiry on his weather-beaten old face. There was no need for speech at that moment, because the mind of each man dwelt on the identical problem.

The two men had come east by dog-sleigh, accompanied by two half-breeds, Jean Fassepartout and Papillon, the one in charge of the dogs, the other carrying the transit-compass. They had camped seven miles back on the preceding evening, and had set out at daybreak to survey the swamp-lands from the ridge. For the problem which had suddenly risen up to confront them clamored for solution before construction could be carried forward, and on its solution depended the future of the Mississippian.

With the physical eye neither Joe nor Carruthers could hope to accomplish anything. Wilton was seeking inspiration, though he did not know it.

Theoretically he was endeavoring to discern some place where a foundation might be coaxed above the unstable, quaking surface with trestling and crib-work, a crossing that combined the least possible deviation of route with no more than four-fifths of one per cent of grade and four degrees of curve.

Actually and unconsciously he was seeking to interpret the natural convulsion which had, in time immeasurably remote, cloven the ridge of the land and set the swamp seeping into the fissure.

If he could read the meaning of that convulsion, understand the mind and mood of the great Architect, he could see, as if clairvoyantly, just where the Muskeg lay thinnest on the roots of the hills, where ballast would appear

the soonest above the sucking swamp. But he could read nothing. Joe Bostock wrinkled his eyes against the sunlight.

"That's what I was thinking, Wilton," he said. "But it's got to be done! Somebody'll build it some day if the Mississippian doesn't."

That was the nearest speech to despair that Joe, invincible, exuberant optimist that he was, had ever made. Weeks, months of resurvey must ensue, with work halted, and the Mississippian's precarious capital diminishing to vanishing point, while the story of the great blunder percolated through the lobbies of the provincial legislature, filled with bland, jeering, ill-conditioned men to whom one day's tramp such as their laborers performed would mean apoplexy.

Their faces haunted Wilton. He remembered half a dozen whom he had approached when the Mississippian scheme was first bruited abroad. There was, in particular, Tom Bowyer, of the New Northern line, his many interests entrenched behind the bulwarks of political influence. Joe Bostock had suggested an amalgamation in the belief that Tom Bowyer could wreck the bill in the legislature. But Tom had laughed in Joe's face, and had not even opened the measure.

"Go ahead with your muskrat line, Joe," he had said. "I won't hinder you."

The surveyors who made the preliminary reconnaissance had shirked their work and lied. Wilton suspected that most of them had been in Bow-



Joe Bostock Laid His Hands on the Other Man's Shoulders.

yer's pay. Bowyer and Bostock were old rivals. They had reported Big Muskeg to be an insignificant swamp with a firm underfoot about the portage. It could be crossed, of course, in the end, since nature always yielded to man. But the Mississippian must either swing a huge loop around it, through territory unsurveyed, or set to itself the task of filling those unsounded depths with thousands of tons of rock.

"D-n you!" said Wilton, shaking his fist toward the valley. "We'll beat you yet. We've made a bad blunder, Joe. Crooked work, without doubt—though I can't imagine why Bowyer's gang should take the trouble to hurt us unless, of course, they guess—"

Joe Bostock shook his head. "No, they haven't guessed that, Wilton," he answered. "I'll stake my hat on

## TO SHUT OUT WATER AND DUST

Nature Has Provided for the Hermetic Closing of Nostrils of Seal and Camel.

Most of us when we go in for diving have the very unpleasant experience of getting our nostrils full of water. Nature did not design man to be a diving animal, otherwise she would have been as clever with his nose as she has been with seal's, London Tit-Bits says.

The seal is, without doubt, the cleverest diver in the animal world, and his nose is a very ingenious contrivance indeed. Each nostril is provided with muscles which close it hermetically at the owner's will. And the shape of the nose is such that when the nostrils are closed not a drop of water can enter.

With seals the closing of the nostrils at the moment of diving has become an automatic process.

This is wonderful enough, but we can see a still more remarkable application of the same principle in an animal as far removed from the seal as chalk is from cheese.

The seal is a water animal. The other owner of trapdoor nostrils is the

### Embarrassing Moment.

One evening my friend and I went to church. As it was raining we both wore our rubbers.

We had to go upstairs in the balcony because the lower part of the church was filled. My friend took his rubbers off and one of them accidentally fell through the opening in the railing. The dirty wet rubber hit a bald-headed man squarely on the top of his head. He turned around and gazed at us long and hard. So did everyone else. We made our escape hurriedly with profuse blushes.—Exchange.

that. There ain't nobody except me and you and Kitty knows. It's jest bad luck, Wilton—"

Joe could never sense treachery nor bring himself to believe in its possibility; and if that weakness had kept him, in the main, a poor man, it had bound his friends to him with unbreakable bonds.

"At the best it's gross negligence," said Wilton. "Those surveyors scamped their work. I accepted their reports. I couldn't go out with the transit and aneroid and follow them all up to check their results. But I might have sounded Big Muskeg. I didn't." His voice choked. "Joe, if you have any sense, you'll fire me first," he said.

Joe Bostock laid his hands on the other man's shoulders and the humorous smile came on his face. "Well, I guess not, Wilton," he said. "You ain't to blame. You've done all that mortal man could do. The Mississippian couldn't have been built at all without you. Fire you? Why, Kitty'd have my life if I dared suggest such a thing."

Wilton frowned involuntarily at the reference to the pretty young wife whom Joe Bostock had married in Winnipeg the year before. Joe's first marriage had been unhappy; it had been long ago, and Wilton knew there had been a separation, though Joe was always reticent about that.

Kitty was five and thirty years younger than Joe, and she had intervened into a fast friendship of more than a decade between Joe and Wilton. It made a difference, as it always does, though Joe had sworn it should not, and Kitty thought the world of Wilton.

Wilton could never understand his secret feeling about Kitty. She was devoted to Joe. Perhaps that was what lay beneath his latent antagonism toward her. He was jealous of her. He was jealous of a woman's love for Joe.

"I guess not!" said Joe Bostock again, pressing his hand hard down on Wilton's shoulder.

And, in that instant, Wilton heard the crack of a rifle, and felt a violent blow on the upper part of the left arm, which knocked him to the ground. As he fell, Joe Bostock pitched forward upon him.

Twice Joe's lips quivered, as if he was trying to speak. Then the lower jaw dropped and the eyes rolled upward. A grayish pallor crept over the face.

Wilton saw that Joe's mackinaw had a tiny tear in it, over the breast. A trickle of blood seeped through the cloth. He wrenched the garment open with his right hand, pulled up the sweater, and tore the shirt apart. The heart, fluttering like a wounded bird, stopped under his hand. Joe sighed once, but he never stirred again. The bullet had passed clean through. And, as he tried to raise Joe's body, Wilton realized that the same bullet had broken his left arm, which hung limp from the shoulder.

He sprang, to his feet, a mad wrath giving back to him his ebbing strength. He glared about him, but it was impossible to ascertain from where the shot had come. He could not even locate the direction within a hundred degrees, for Joe had been in the act of turning. Nobody was in sight, and the woods were silent.

His belting call of fury that went echoing through the trees elicited no answer. He tore strips from his handkerchief, holding it between his teeth, and, with his left hand on his knee, knotted them about a stick and improvised a tourniquet. The blood was spurting down his sleeve in jets, the

camel, an inhabitant of the drier, parts of the world, the waterless sandy deserts. Now, why should the camel require such an apparatus? He is not troubled with water, but he is troubled with dust; not the dust that we see in this country, but the fierce, blinding duststorms of the desert.

These are so violent that tiny particles are driven into the works of even the most finely made watch, which becomes at once clogged and useless. If the camel had not nostrils which were perfectly dust-tight he could never endure the dreadful sand and dust storms.

### Appropriate, What?

The Church at Work, published by the National Council of the Episcopal church, tells of a resourceful native organist who was called upon suddenly to furnish the music for a mission wedding ceremony at Hankow, China. The bridegroom had recently become a Christian. Following the custom, he sent a beautiful sedan chair and a brass band to escort the bride to his home, where the ceremony was to be performed. Something delayed the bride, and the impatient young man hurried down to the mission house, where it was decided to have the wedding on the spot. A meeting was in progress in the church, so it was impossible to have the brass band play. Whereupon one Elsie Li was commandeered to play the wedding march. There was no sheet music on hand, and Elsie was not equal to the task of playing Mendelssohn from memory. She was strong, however, on one good old march tune, and accordingly the wedding party were dumfounded and amused a few minutes later when the bride and bridegroom marched blithely forward to the altar to the tune of "Onward Christian Soldiers, Marching as to War."

pain was intense, and it was impossible to take off the mackinaw and hope to replace his arms in it; but he twisted with all his force until the diminishing flow showed that he had compressed the artery. Thrusting the longer end of the stick beneath his armpit, he passed the other through the buttonhole of the garment, and, stooping, managed to get Joe's body upon his shoulder and to hold it with his right arm.

His impulse was to carry Joe's body back to the camp, but he knew that it would be impossible to make the distance. Yet to leave it would mean the certainty of mutilation by bears or timber-wolves unless he could build a cairn of stones. And of that he was equally incapable. He set Joe's body down, and, in the first full realization of his loss and his predicament, he at once turned to the sky.

That murder had been intended he did not believe; no doubt the shot had been a bullet fired at some nearer mark, perhaps a hare, and by one of the half-breeds. He suspected that the transit-bearer, following them up, had fired the shot, and, seeing the fatality, had fled.

But the thought that this might be the explanation was only a fleeting one. Joe was dead, and his body must be cured for, just as if he were alive—taken back to the camp and thence out of the woods. There was no possibility of leaving Joe's body there. Yet it seemed to him that he could not hope to reach the camp. And now another idea came to him.

It was seven miles back to the camp, but only five to the portage over the frozen swamp. Upon the other side of the portage was a trail that came out of the prairie southward and wound into the unknown north. Along this Indians brought their winter catches to the trading-store of McDonald, the factor of the Hudson's Bay company.

Traveling was hard along the shore of the great Muskeg, but it would mean two miles less, and it was just possible to make the store. McDonald was a queer, taciturn, sometimes venomous old man, and had evinced a strong dislike of Wilton on the occasion of their last meeting. Yet McDonald would shelter him and receive Joe's body. And then there was Molly, his daughter.

Wilton, having made his choice, acted on it at once. With a great effort he raised Joe's stiffening form upon his shoulder; and doggedly he began his awful journey, his right arm grasping the dead man, his helpless left hugging the tourniquet-stick against his side.

He stumbled over the rough ground until he reached the cleared road through the trees. Here the going was easier, but the burden numbed his right hand and shoulder, the throbbing pain in his left seemed to beat time to his footsteps, and the ache of the cramping muscles increased the agony of his wound and began to spread down his body.

A wind sprang up, driving gusts of whirling snow into his eyes. A deadly lethargy was creeping over him, and presently, turning his head to shield his eyes from the beating blasts, he saw a trickle of crimson on the road behind him.

The tourniquet had loosened. He was bleeding his life away. The blood was gushing down his fingers. Wilton set Joe's body down and succeeded in tightening the compress. And it was only after an almost superhuman struggle that he could get Joe over his shoulder. He knew that if he was forced to set the body down again he could never lift it.

With knees bent, tripping over the roots of the trees and reeling through a swimming world, he staggered on and on and on. And neither his anger nor the thought of Kitty could have kept his resolution through that nightmare of pain. It was all Joe now, the memory of Joe, his love for him, and his resolve that his friend's remains should not be torn by the timber-wolves.

Joe had befriended him years before, when he had drifted, penniless, into Winnipeg. Joe's faith had been his own, and the secret of the Mississippian.

So the miles reeled off behind him, while the wind increased and the snow fell thicker along the way. At last the trees opened, and the bleak shore of Big Muskeg lay before him, a desert of ice and snow, with the bluffs open, and beyond them the trees once more.

At once the fierce swirl of the gale caught him, whistling like sirens, boring into his face like white-hot probes. The ice that fringed his lashes blinded him and pulled them from the lids when he tried to open his eyes. He reeled on, clutching Joe's body, and heard his own voice go from him in shouts of despair. They rolled across the snow, and the echoes came in faint, mimicking answer from the distant cliffs.

Wilton retained sufficient consciousness of his surroundings to make his way along the shore toward the portage. He might have shortened his route to McDonald's store a little by risking a direct crossing; but the surface of a muskeg is always dangerous, even in midwinter, when the apparently solid ice conceals sink-holes of slush, which, mixed with peat and snow, does not congeal firmly, and which traps the unwary traveler, a quick-mud from which escape is next to impossible.

"And somehow, breaking the rotten ice in front of her body, the girl succeeded in getting Wilton to the shore."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL

## Sunday School Lesson

(By REV. P. B. FITZWATER, D. D., Teacher of English Bible in the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago.)  
Copyright, 1922, Western Newspaper Union.

### LESSON FOR JUNE 25

REVIEW: JUDAH'S PROSPERITY AND ADVERSITY

GOLDEN TEXT—"Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord."—Ps. 33:12.

PRIMARY AND JUNIOR TOPIC—Men Who Obeyed God.

INTERMEDIATE AND SENIOR TOPIC—True and False Leaders of Judah.

YOUNG PEOPLE AND ADULT TOPIC—Some Lessons From Judah's History.

I. Central Thought of Each Lesson Gathered Around the Key Words of the Day's Lesson Subject, Namely, Prosperity and Adversity.

A good outline is the following from Crannell's Pocket Lessons:

1. Judah's Prosperity. Based on—  
(1) Reliance on God, lesson 1.  
(2) Courageous Venture for God, lesson 2.

2. Judah's Adversity. Due to—  
(1) Presuming Upon God's Blessing, lesson 4.  
(2) Presuming Upon God's Purpose, lesson 9.  
(3) Rejecting God's Word, lesson 10.

(4) Persecuting God's Messenger, lesson 11.  
(5) Disloyalty to God and Man, lesson 12.

II. Golden Text Review.

Assign the texts to your class the preceding Sunday and ask them to show how the lesson illumines the text, or ask the class to prepare on all the texts and have the members of the class draw the text and give the answer.

III. Character Study or Portrait Review.

Assign the following characters the Sunday before: Asa, Josiah, Jehoiada, Uzziah, Isiah, Hezekiah, Hilkiah, Jeremiah, Baruch, Jehoiakim, Ebed-melech, Zedekiah.

This method can be made very profitable, especially when written work is required or desirable.

IV. The Summary Method.

This method calls for the salient facts of each lesson with a statement of its outstanding teaching.

Note the following suggestions:

Lesson 1. Asa cleared the land of idolatry and called upon Judah to seek the Lord. Because he rested upon the Lord, God gave him victory over his enemies.

Lesson 2. Athaliah attempted to destroy the seed royal and then usurp the throne. Jehoiada checked her by hiding away Joash for six years. At an appointed time Joash was crowned king and the usurper slain. Every attempt to thwart God's purpose not only fails, but involves the rebel in ruin.

Lesson 3. Jesus arose from the dead, showed himself to His disciples and sent them forth as witnesses for Him. Certainty of the resurrection of Christ is essential to witness for Him.

Lesson 4. Uzziah made a notable civil and military record, but his success lifted up his heart with pride. In his pride he presumptuously intruded into the priest's office. As a judgment God smote him with leprosy. "Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall."

Lesson 5. Isiah's vision of God brought him to a sense of his sinfulness. Man's supreme need today is a vision of God.

Lesson 6. Isiah foresaw the end of all strife in the world through the establishment of Christ's kingdom. Peace and restoration shall come to the earth when Christ shall come and remove from men's hearts the cause for strife.

Lesson 7. Hezekiah led his people back to God. This he did by means of the passover feast. The only way for a sinning and divided people to get back to God and be united is around the crucified Lord.

Lesson 8. Through the repairing of the temple the law of God was found. When it was read before the king it brought penitent sorrow. God accepted his penitence and postponed the evil day. The proof that he was penitent was that he took away all the abominations from the land.

Lesson 9. Jeremiah was arrested and brought to trial before the princes because he boldly proclaimed God's word to the nation. The one whom God calls to proclaim His word should faithfully discharge his duty regardless of what men may do unto him.

Lesson 10. Jehoiakim tried to destroy God's Word by burning it. The book was restored with added words of judgment. Trying to destroy God's Word will not avert His judgments.

Lesson 11. Because of Jeremiah's fidelity to God he was cast into prison. Casting the prophet into the dungeon will not turn aside God's judgments.

Lesson 12. Nebuchadnezzar captured Jerusalem and carried away the people captives. Though God's judgments tarry they eventually fall.

### The Bond of Perfection.

Put on therefore, as the elect of God, holy and beloved, kindness, humbleness of mind, meekness, long suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving one another, if any man have a quarrel against any; even as Christ forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things put on charity, which is the bond of perfectness.—Colossians 3:12-14.

### To Them Which Have No Hope.

I would not have you to be ignorant, brethren, concerning them which are asleep, that ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope. For if we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so them also which sleep in Jesus will God bring with him.—1 Thessalonians 4:13 and 14.

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